

DOCTOR • WHO

A KLYTODE CHRISTMAS

PART ONE

Planet *Earth*, in the year *3781*.
London still exists, and so
does *Oxford Street*...

...and so does
Christmas shopping.

Script TREVOR BAXENDALE
Art JOHN ROSS
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK
Letters PAUL VYSE

I *love* Christmas!
I love the parties, the
decorations, the telly,
family get-togethers,
all the things you have
to *organise*... but
most of all, I love the
shopping!

London never
changes...

Are you
listening?

I mean, the human
race has completely
re-engineered the
Earth's climate *twice*
since the 21st century
and they *still* can't
get it to snow at
Christmas.

Oh, stop
complaining
and help me find
some *presents*.

Oh, look at
those! Aren't they
fantastic?

What d'you think?
The vase for mum - it
recycles its own water,
apparently - and the
computer game for Leo?

I'd *forget* the game.
That thing has *more*
computing power than
the whole of NASA, the
Pentagon and Industrial Light
& Magic put together. Give
that to your brother and he
could *wipe out* the future
of mankind by
Boxing Day.

Spoilsport.

I dunno. Shop
dummies make
me *nervous*...

What about this
necklace for Tish?

Martha, I'd rather
face a *Cyberman*
invasion than any
more Christmas
shopping - *oof!*

Bump!

Sorry, mate. Watch
your back there.
Comin' through...



Bert! Bert X-5!
Fancy meeting you
here - and **Jimmy**,
too!

Doctor? It really *is* you!
Great to see ya!

Yay, Doc!



"I haven't seen you two
since that business on
Space Station Alpha!
We stopped the **Klytode**
destroying the Earth,
remember?" *

* see DWA
26-27



How could we
forget? That
little business is
hard-wired into my
data core, Doc!

We were *heroes*,
thanks to you!



Some things
never change...

Martha - I'd like you to
meet **Bert** and **Jimmy**,
the finest *sanitation*
workers in the solar
system...

Bert and Jimmy
- meet **Martha**
Jones!



Hi guys.

*Enchanté,
mademoiselle!
Et bon Noël!*

You'll have to
excuse my pal,
Martha. He's just
had a French
language download
and the *creepy*
twit sub-routine was
an *optional extra*.



Hey, Doc... am
I glad we've
bumped into you.
I need to have a
chat. I'm *worried*
about Jimmy.

What's up?

I think the
old fella's
cracking up.



Later...

How do you two like your tea? Earth leaves or Martian?

Earth, please.

So what's wrong, Bert? You two seem to have it made here.



We've got our *own business* now, Doc... fitting top-of-the-range sanitation systems to *government facilities*.

Still the *go-to guys* for executive toilets, eh?

That's the one. But something's *not right*. Jimmy's been acting *awful strange* lately... dizzy spells, blackouts, all kinds of stuff. At first I thought it was space sickness, or even a mid-life crisis...

"... but it all *started* when we won the contract to install sanitary facilities in the new *Ecopower Station franchise*."

"Jimmy started *wandering off*, getting lost in some of the *restricted* reactor areas. It was kinda embarrassing... and, y'know, out of character. Jimmy was always the *cautious* one. I don't know what's got into him lately."

"Last week he accidentally found his way to the *reactor control room*. Can ya believe that? We almost lost the contract on the spot!"

Ecopower?

It's taken over the world's environmental energy supplies. '*Brilliant for energy and okay for the environment*.'



Three Earth teas coming right up... Sorry, we've only got digestive biscuits. Bert mistook the Hobnobs for burnt-out data wafers and threw them in the *disintegrator*. You know what he's like.

It's an easy mistake to make. I'm a construction robot, not a confection robot.

Vreep vreep!





Hobnobs are my **favourites**. Your hard drive needs recalibrating.

Look, it was an honest mistake... I've said I'm sorry. I dunno, you're always **grumpy** these days.

I can't be **certain**, Martha, but judging from these readings, I'd say that Jimmy is under some form of **telekinetic mind control**...



Next morning...

Are you **sure** this is the right thing to do, Doc? Following Jimmy seems - well, like a betrayal of trust...

It's the **only way** we can find out what he's up to, Bert.



But are you **sure** this'll **work**? Security is pretty **tight**.

Whrrreeeeeee!

Trust me, I'm the Doctor...

... and fixing the **security rating** on this robo-scan card is **easy**, if you're a **genius** with a sonic screwdriver...



Security pass **accepted**. Access all areas. **Proceed!**

Told you!



Wouldn't it have been better to find **another way** in?

I doubt it - any **forced entry** would set **alarm** bells ringing. This way we can hide in **plain view**.



STRICTLY NO ACCESS

BLIP
BLIP
BLIP

But, I mean... **mind control**? Are you sure?

It's the only explanation that fits. **Look** - Jimmy's going through that door. What's behind it?

I don't believe it! That leads to the **bio-reactor room**. He's at it **again**! But **no-one's** allowed in there!

No one
but Jimmy
- and *us*, of
course...

Oh, *no!*

What's
that?

The Klytode!

I'm guessing
this is really
bad news...

It's part of a *gestalt*
being - many different
creatures sharing *one*
mind. The Klytode Brethren
want to turn the Earth into
a *toxic wasteland*.

Doc-tor! I should
have *known* you
would seek me out!

It wasn't *intentional*.
I prefer to spend
Christmas with
friends.

You two know
each other?

The Doc sent you
packing years ago,
Klytode - all the way
back to the Aktren
galaxy! What the heck
are you doing here?

"No simple *prison* can
contain a member of the
Klytode Brethren. My
robot guardians helped
release me..."

"... and I planned my
vengeful return to
your pathetic planet!"

I have used my *telekinetic*
powers to control this
feeble-minded human -
enabling me to conceal myself
in this primitive *bio-reactor*,
preparing for the perfect
moment to *strike*...

Help me...
Bert...

... and, just to be
sure that *nothing*
can stand in my way
this time, Doctor,
I have brought
reinforcements...!

"Behold - the *Prime Klytode!*"

"The gestalt brain that controls the Brethren, waiting in *hyperspace* to materialise over this power station!"

"Behold -
the *Prime Klytode!*"

"The gestalt brain
that controls the
Brethren, waiting
in *hyperspace* to
materialise over this
power station!"

The *big daddy* of all the Klytodes! *Now* we're in trouble!

You mean we weren't *before*?

The *big daddy* of all the Klytodes! *Now* we're in trouble!

You mean we weren't *before*?

A large, green, multi-eyed monster with tentacles is shown breathing toxic gas over a city. The monster has a large head with multiple red eyes and a wide, toothy mouth. It has several long, green tentacles extending from its head. The background shows a city with buildings and a body of water. The monster is breathing a thick, green, toxic gas that is filling the air. A speech bubble from the character Martha is visible in the bottom left corner of the panel.

"That thing's the size of a *city*, Martha - a vast, industrial city spewing out clouds of *toxic gas*!"

I can *control* every Ecopower station on Earth from here - and using this pathetic human, I can *connect* every bio-reactor around the planet to relay the Prime Klytode's *poisonous* breath... *all over the world!*

Doctor - how can we *stop* it?

I don't know, Martha - I just *don't know!*

Jimmy!

Doctor - how can we *stop* it?

I don't know, Martha - I just *don't know!*

Jimmy!

Doctor - how can we *stop* it?

I don't know, Martha - I just *don't know!*

Jimmy!



So look out, Earth -
**HERE COMES
THE SCUM!**

It's *too late*,
Doc-tor! The Prime Klytode
is releasing *toxic waste*
directly into your precious
planet's *atmosphere...* soon it
will be *utterly uninhabitable*
by anything other than the
Klytode Brethren!



EEEEEOOOOOOWWWWWW!

**CAN THE DOCTOR
SAVE EARTH FROM
THE KLYTODE? FIND
OUT NEXT ISSUE!**